Wonder World: Energy Changing Outfits

Everyone’s arguing masculine and feminine. Energy just keeps changing outfits.

I’ve been masculine, feminine, and confused before lunch. None of it stuck.

Power keeps getting blamed for things it didn’t start. Control, on the other hand, knows exactly what it did.

The great rebalancing looks less dramatic up close. Mostly people are just learning to listen.

I tried to pick a side. Energy kept slipping out the back door.

Some days I lead. Some days I rest. Some days I snack and call it integration.

The universe doesn’t seem attached to roles. It does enjoy cooperation.

I asked which energy was in charge. Compassion answered from the kitchen.

Light versus dark feels exhausting. I prefer lamps.

Unconditional love sounds abstract until you feel it sitting there already.

Everyone’s worried about balance. Meanwhile, kindness keeps doing its quiet thing.

I stopped trying to embody an archetype and immediately felt more real.

Energy doesn’t want to dominate. It wants to move.

Healing didn’t arrive with fireworks. It arrived with a laugh I wasn’t guarding against.